Table of Contents

1. Introduction [REVISED]
2. Allegiances [REVISED]
3. Prologue [REVISED]
4. Chapter One [REVISED]
5. Chapter Two [REVISED]
6. Chapter Three [REVISED]
7. Chapter Four
8. Headcanons [1]
9. Chapter Five
10. Chapter Six
11. Chapter Seven
12. Chapter Eight
13. Headcanons [2]
14. Chapter Nine

Introduction [REVISED]

2018 Update: Heyyo, 2018 Feather here. I realized recently that I have a ton of unpublished revisions and additions to this story that I never got around to posting. I decided that I might as well re-edit and publish the rest of this story as a sort of last hurrah for me in this fandom. I've outgrown it, I will admit, but rereading this is sending me down memory lane and I wouldn't mind taking a stroll here for a little while.

Anyway, I'm going to be publishing my edits and pre-written new parts once in a while. The remastered chapters will say "[REVISED]" next to them. Once I finish working on the chapters currently published, I'll get rid of the label and continue updating on whatever schedule I feel like doing.

Thanks for reading all this! :p

Hey there! Before we get into the story, I'd just like to thank you for choosing to read this story. It's my first published book on Wattpad, and I put in a lot of work to make this an overall enjoyable fanfiction to read. Hope you stick around!

Now moving forward, I thought I'd clear up a bit of confusion on the Clans I've created; SwiftClan, OakClan, ThornClan, and DewClan.

SwiftClan

I like to think of this Clan's attitude equivalent to WindClan. They're usually fairly friendly unless angered, then they'll be a tad unforgiving. Despite the personality similarities, the terrain is different. Instead of a vast moor, SwiftClan in a rather hilly territory with fresh, dark soil in the undergrowth, giving them more herbs than the other Clans for healing. The three main kinds of trees scattered around are oaks, birches, and spruces. However, these trees are not densely packed like ThunderClan's.

OakClan

LeafClan's traits are more like ThunderClan's than any other Clan. They don't intentionally start fights unless absolutely necessary and try to find a way out of situations peacefully. Even with these kind characteristics, they are still accused of wanting to control other Clans by talking about how a problem will be solved if OakClan led the others. Alongside ThunderClan's personality, the landscape of OakClan is almost the same, containing a thick forest with plenty of oaks over any other type of tree.

ThornClan

The closest comparison to ThornClan would be ShadowClan. Like the thorns in their name, they are prickly and aren't quick to accept help from other Clans. They are very independent, fairly hostile, and always skeptical of every offer put in front of them. Their habitat is different though, consisting of thick bramble patches they use for cover and stalking prey.

DewClan

Like the wetness in the title, DewClan acts a bit like RiverClan; different emotions based on different situations. The territory has several streams to fish in but has mostly grass and a few willow trees. In early mornings the ground is covered in an extremely thick layer of dew not witnessed in other Clan.

Now since that has been described, without further ado...

Four white cats.
Three unsolved mysteries.
Two memorable battles.
One foreboding prophecy.

Allegiances [REVISED]

SWIFTCLAN

Leader: Russetstar - dark ginger she-cat with bright amber eyes and white paws and tail-tip

Deputy: Patchcreek - brown and black patched tom with copper eyes

Medicine Cat: Splashmask - smokey grey tabby tom with dark yellow eyes and black paws

Apprentice: Birdpaw

Warriors:

Quailwing - light grey she-cat with brown stripes and brown eyes

Gorgestone - brown tom with white patches on his light green eyes

Apprentice: Echopaw

Violetflame - pale grey tom with darker hind paws and light blue eyes

Moonleap - silvery grey she-cat with a black tail-tip and grey eyes

Duckflight- brown tom with black paws and green eyes

Apprentice: Briarpaw

Lynxstep - creamy tabby she-cat with paws paws and stripes and yellow eyes

Apprentice: Hailpaw

Greenfoot - pale brown she-cat with bright green eyes

Stripedpelt - pale golden tom with black tabby stripes and dark

amber eyes

Turtleheart - small brown tom with orange eyes

Otterstrike - sleek dark brown tom with copper eyes

Apprentice: Ravenpaw

Apprentices:

Echopaw - pale grey she-cat with dark blue eyes

Briarpaw - dark brown tom with amber eyes

Hailpaw - white tom with bright golden eyes

Ravenpaw - small black she-cat with white paws and green eyes

Birdpaw - ginger and white tom with yellow eyes

Queens:

Honeyshade - slim brown she-cat with deep amber eyes

Rainstream - light grey tabby she-cat with striking brown eyes

Elders:

Cypressnose - dark grey tabby tom with hazel eyes

Pearwhisker - black and white tom with green eyes

Eelflash - long brown she-cat with white speckles and bright yellow eyes

OakClan

Leader: Dapplestar - dappled golden she-cat with grey eyes

Deputy: Flamestrike - large bright ginger tom with yellow eyes

Medicine Cat: Twigstep - small dusty brown she-cat with amber

eyes

Warriors:

Stoneshard - dark grey spotted tom with faded hazel eyes

Lightningwish - black she-cat with a scar covering one eye and the other one yellow

Apprentice: Clearpaw

Ivystorm - large white tom with grey flecks all over his pelt and dark green eyes

Softpetal - small grey and white she-cat with pale blue eyes

Apprentice: Snowpaw

Pinespark - brown tom with black ears, paws, and tail-tip and dark green eyes

Timberblaze - pitch black she-cat with dark blue eyes

Rainmist - white she-cat white black splotches and blue-green eyes

Fallenflare - speckled golden brown she-cat with yellow eyes

Apprentice: Koipaw

Underspeckle - light grey tom with darker flecks on his belly and pale amber eyes

Apprentice: Owlpaw

Lionbreeze - large golden-brown tabby tom with dark green eyes

Apprentices:

Clearpaw - silver she-cat with black speckles and grey eyes

Snowpaw - white she-cat with sharp green eyes

Koipaw - tortoiseshell tom with dark blue eyes

Owlpaw - brown and white tom with pale amber eyes

Queens:

Cascadeflight - creamy she-cat with golden eyes

Mousepelt - small brown she-cat with white paws and yellow eyes

Elders:

Shrewleaf - brown tabby tom with copper eyes

Rattail - dark grey tom with a long tail and faded grey eyes

Wishwillow - light grey she-cat with black swirls and bright amber eyes

THORNCLAN

Leader: Cedarstar - large brown and gold patched tom with amber eyes

Deputy: Squirreltail - pale brown she-cat with dark green eyes

Medicine Cat: Bluelily - blueish grey she-cat with pale blue eyes

Warriors:

Birchstripe - light ginger tom with white underbelly and green eyes

Appledawn - fluffy pale grey she-cat with golden eyes

Beeshade - golden tom with black stripes and amber eyes

Apprentice: Icepaw

Crowcall - black tom with a white chest and tail-tip and dark blue eyes

Darkstream - smokey grey tabby tom with icy blue eyes

Apprentice: Juniperpaw

Eagleflight - brown tabby tom with white underbelly and paws and grey eyes

Brightwillow - white she-cat with grey patches and bright blue eyes

Apprentice: Kestrelpaw

Grasswave - brown tabby tom with green eyes

Breezedusk - golden brown tom with amber eyes

Thistlefall - silver tabby tom with faded green eyes

Apprentice: Lightpaw

Apprentices:

Icepaw - white tom with hard copper eyes

Juniperpaw - black she-cat with green eyes

Kestrelpaw - black and white tom with golden eyes

Lightpaw - pale ginger she-cat with dark grey eyes

Queens:

Starlingsong - black she-cat with yellow eyes

Nightwing - black she-cat with amber eyes

Elders:

Oakwhisker - brown tom with a white tail and dark yellow eyes

Poppymask - white she-cat with grey speckles and amber eyes

Quietsong - golden tabby she-cat with light green eyes

DEWCLAN

Leader: Flarestar - bright ginger tom with copper eyes

Deputy: Heathercloud - brown tabby she-cat with a white chest, white paws, and soft golden eyes

Medicine Cat: Stormtail - smokey grey tom with yellow eyes

Apprentice: Lakepaw

Warriors:

Rainsplash - pale grey tabby tom with grey eyes

Silverleaf - silver she-cat with light green eyes

Apprentice: Thrushpaw

Tigerleap - brown tabby tom with amber eyes

Honeypool - golden tabby she-cat with glowing yellow eyes

Apprentice: Amberpaw

Vinethorn - brown she-cat with green eyes

Apprentice: Ripplepaw

Dustflash - light brown she-cat with amber eyes

Shadewhisper - smokey grey tabby tom with dark blue eyes

Apprentice: Frostpaw

Yellowberry - golden tom with yellow eyes

Thunderlight - dark grey tom with amber eyes

Apprentices:

Thrushpaw - white and brown tabby tom with amber eyes

Amberpaw - ginger she-cat with golden stripes and warm hazel eyes

Ripplepaw - light grey tom with lighter stripes and dark green eyes

Frostpaw - white she-cat with sky blue eyes

Lakepaw - blueish grey she-cat with dark blue eyes

Queens:

Tawnyleaf - tortoiseshell she-cat with yellow eyes

Cherryfern - light ginger she-cat with pale green eyes

Elders:

Seedfeather - black she-cat with grey stripes and grey eyes

Daisybreeze - brown she-cat with black flecks and green eyes

Mudbranch - brown tom with black splotches and amber eyes

Prologue [REVISED]

The wind whipped through the branches of the oak trees overhead. A slim she-cat raced as fast as her wounded leg would carry her, pale grey fur fluffed up and sticking out at all angles. In her jaws dangled a small white tom kit with his eyes still shut, mouth open in a silent wail. Perched on the queen's back was another white tom kit, digging his claws into his mother's fur in a desperate attempt to keep from falling.

Behind the struggling she-cat, a larger black-and-white tom urged her on, carrying two more white she-kits, one on his back and holding the other by the scruff of the neck.

"Keep going, Ivy! We're nearly there!" He called out, voice muffled by his daughter's soaking pelt.

Ivy glanced over her shoulder to see her mate's side still bleeding heavily from the large claw marks that ran down his skin. "Don't... worry Storm. I-I'm not stopping." She gasped in reply, blinking thick snowflakes away from her eyes.

The two continued on, fighting through the powerful gusts of wind until they collapsed beneath the cover of a large boulder that stood in a clearing. Panting heavily, Storm gazed lovingly at the she-cat he adored. "We'll make it through this, we always do."

Ivy's only response was a slight whimper as she tried feebly to pull her kits to her belly. Storm's insides clenched in fear as he realized the amount of blood he and his mate must have lost on the tiring journey. Feeling the adrenaline of the run wear off, a strong, aching pain seized his body, draining every bit of energy he possessed. The pair's breathing became ragged and hollow, transitioning to shallow gasps until their flanks scarcely moved at all.

Seeing darkness begin to seize him, Storm used his final scrap of strength to rest his tail on the four white kits that were squirming

uncomfortably and letting out small cries. "Until we meet again, my kits." Beneath the agony and emotion, the tom remembered one final deed to be completed. "Goodnight Hail, Snow, Frost, and Ice."

With the pure white kits named and a dead mate, Storm knew his time to leave the world had come. Letting go of consciousness, he willingly plunged into the darkness that beckoned him from all sides.

Chapter One [REVISED]

Hailpaw opened his soft golden eyes to see red and orange leaves scattered in the entrance of the apprentices' den. He stood groggily and stretched, surprised at the fact that he awoke before his mentor, Lynxstep, called for him to go hunting or training.

Glancing around, he saw that all of his denmates besides Ravenpaw were still curled up, sound asleep. Leisurely padding from the cover of the small indent in the side of a wall of soil, he blinked several times to adjust to the bright rays of light that came from the partially covered sun.

The cat standing night guard was Otterstrike, who raised his sleek brown head after spotting Hailpaw.

"Hailpaw!" The tom called from across the clearing. His copper eyes, usually warm, were tired and filled with worry. "Have you seen Ravenpaw? I spoke to her last night and she told me she had to go to the dirtplace. As far as I noticed, she never returned."

The white tom shook his head. "I haven't seen her, sorry. She was the only one not in her nest when I woke up." Pausing for a heartbeat, he decided it was best to ease Otterstrike's concerns. "I can go look for her if you'd like."

"Good idea." A different yet familiar voice mewed from Hailpaw's left. He turned to see Lynxstep, a cream tabby she-cat, strolling into the conversation. "Eat first, then see if you can find her. It'll be good tracking practice."

The SwiftClan tom nodded obediently and walked to the fresh-kill pile, wondering where Ravenpaw could be. As he settled down with a nice plump mouse, the apprentice pondered over different scenarios he might run into.

Attacked by a badger when making dirt? Most likely not, or her screech would've woken the whole camp. Attacked by a rogue and

dragged into the forest as a prisoner? Probably false as well because there were no clumps of fur to prove the theory.

Finishing off his mouse, Hailpaw headed for the clump of ferns that hid the camp from the rest of the territory. Before exiting, however, he almost smacked right into Briarpaw, whose dark brown face turned into a sneer when he caught sight of the slightly younger cat.

"Where are you going, Hailpaw?" His voice was crisp with mockery. "Off to return to the life of a rogue? Or maybe fetch some mouse bile for Splashmask because you're no good at anything else!"

Hailpaw ignored the harsh words and brushed passed the tom, grunting over his shoulder, "I've been assigned to track Ravenpaw's scent trail who has been missing all night."

When Briarpaw's smug expression shifted to an interested one, the white tom left him wishing he wasn't so rude so he could get an explanation. He turned and followed the fading scent of his denmate. It led him through the Towering Oaks and past the Sky Spruce, and for what he could tell, she had been alone, meaning her disappearance was voluntary.

After trotting by Deep Caves, Hailpaw noticed the scent growing stronger, indicating he was close. Passing one last clump of undergrowth, he spotted her, sound asleep under the shelter of a birch tree.

"Ravenpaw?" He called out tentatively.

"Huh?" She asked, startled while opening her piercing green eyes.

He shifted on his paws uncomfortably. "Lynxstep and Otterstrike sent me to find you because you were missing all night. Why are you *here*?"

"I... um... was making dirt and- err- fell asleep and sleepwalked here." The black she-cat stuttered while climbing shakily to her

paws.

Hailpaw's golden eyes must have rolled right into DewClan territory. There was no way he believed that she had sleepwalked to the center of SwiftClan without bumping into a tree and waking up.

His tail flicked impatiently. "The truth, please."

She sighed. "Fine... promise you won't tell anyone?"

"Alright." He nodded skeptically.

"You know Kestrelpaw of ThornClan?"

Hailpaw's stomach dropped when she mentioned the enemy apprentice's name. He knew where this was going, and he certainly didn't like it.

"Don't tell me-" He started, but Ravenpaw cut him off.

"Yes, at the last gathering he asked to meet up at the border a half moon from then. When I arrived last night, he wasn't there. Instead of waiting around at the territory line where I could get caught, I decided to go farther back into SwiftClan." Her eyes flashed as she awkwardly offered her explanation. "I must've fallen asleep while waiting."

Hailpaw blinked in disbelief for several heartbeats, then exploded. "Out of every apprentice from a different Clan you could be padding after, it had to be from *ThornClan*? You know we've been battling for *moons* and decide to meet up in secret, breaking the warrior code in so many ways! Russetstar will be *disgusted* when she hears about this. You'll be cleaning the elders for seasons! Or worse, exiled."

"You... you said you wouldn't tell anyone!" Ravenpaw exclaimed, panic starting to overcome her.

Hailpaw stopped to think for a moment, letting himself calm down. After a moment he sighed deeply. "You're right, and I'll keep that promise." He flashed her a look of annoyance. "But I certainly won't like it."

"Thank StarClan." She breathed, then glanced around worriedly. "What will I tell the Clan?"

The white tom shrugged. "What you told me might have been believable if you hadn't stuttered so much. We'll say you were only a few tree-lengths away from the dirtplace wall and you had sleep-walked there."

Ravenpaw's tail drooped in relief. "Thank you, Hailpaw. I don't know how to make it up to you."

"Start by making your secret meetings with ThornClan apprentices a *secret*." He growled slightly, but still managed to keep his temper.

The black she-cat nodded solemnly and followed Hailpaw as he headed back towards camp. Following the scent trail the way he had come, he thought furiously at the stupidity of Ravenpaw's actions. *That she-cat has no idea what she's doing. If anyone finds out she was trying to meet with Kestrelpaw, she'll be punished for moons.*

Shaking his pelt, he continued walking but stopped suddenly when a horribly familiar odor reached his nostrils. His companion nearly bumped into him, whispering, "what's wrong?"

Hailpaw took a few more heartbeats to identify the smell before hissing in fear and disgust, "I smell ThornClan on our territory!"

A/N: A bit short, only 1062 words. I usually strive for longer, but I thought the end of that chapter was a good stopping point. What do you think of these characters introduced? The next chapter should be out soon! ~ Feather

P.S. Any constructive criticism is welcome to help me improve.

P.P.S. Also Frozenpaw has been renamed Hailpaw so all the siblings can have two-syllable names. I'm weird.

Chapter Two [REVISED]

Icepaw ran alongside his mentor Beeshade as the battle patrol raced across the border into SwiftClan's territory. Five other cats were there as well: the deputy Squirreltail, two warriors, Birchstripe and Crowcall, and Darkstream with his apprentice Kestrelpaw.

"Remember," Beeshade panted, "we're only here to take back the prey they've stolen. Don't attack any kits, queens, or elders."

"Okay." Icepaw hissed slightly, disappointed that his first battle wouldn't be very exciting.

It was only a matter of time after pelting through the hilly terrain before Icepaw heard pounding pawsteps running toward the heart of the territory.

"ThornClan is attacking!" The voice of a young she-cat sounded in the distance. For some odd reason, Kestrelpaw's gaze brightened when he heard the call.

The battle patrol picked up the pace until they were sprinting around trees and leaping over boulders. As they reached the wall of soil that served as the camp's entrance, the ThornClan apprentice scented several cats standing guard at the entry.

"ThornClan, attack!" Squirreltail yowled, jumping over the dirt and onto the closest opponent, a cream tabby she-cat. Icepaw bounded forward as well, attacking a large dark brown apprentice twice his size.

The tom hissed as Icepaw clung to his back, digging in his claws. The apprentice reared up, throwing the white cat off balance. With the enemy now pinning him down, Icepaw remembered his training and kicked with his hind leg, catching the tom's belly.

Howling in pain, the SwiftClan cat broke away and ran into the throng of fighting cats.

Icepaw's balance was suddenly thrown off when a force weighed him down from above. Eyes flashing, the tom noticed another apprentice that looked similar to him but with golden eyes instead of copper. The two rolled in a hissing and spitting mess, but neither of them inflicted any harm on the other. Finally pinning the enemy down, Icepaw raised a paw with unsheathed claws, ready to create a nasty wound.

Before doing so, however, a memory from the depths of the white cat's mind resurfaced. There was blowing snow and the squeals of three other kits besides himself. The two she-kits still had their eyes closed, but the other tom blinked at him with the same gold eyes one.

Icepaw's momentary hesitation gave another cat a chance to bowl him over, this one a large reddish she-cat whom the apprentice recognized as Russetstar, the leader of SwiftClan. She used her weight against him, leaving him unable to move as the warrior slashed him several times with her claws.

Shrieking in pain, Icepaw mentally growled to himself about how unfair the fight was; a seasoned leader against an inexperienced apprentice. Deciding to use his smaller size as an advantage, he rolled unexpectedly and wriggled from the cats grasp, crouching low in preparation to spring.

But before he could move, Squirreltail's yowl rang through the camp. "ThornClan, retreat! The stolen prey has been returned!"

Icepaw spat one last time at Russetstar and scampered back into the shelter of the woods the way he came.

Bluelily the medicine cat, who had been hiding in the bushes to attend to any serious wounds, emerged from the undergrowth and trotted alongside the victorious patrol. Icepaw glanced up to see the clouds swirling over the sun that was reaching its peak. A single ray streamed through the white and hit his pelt, warming the apprentice's back. Purring in satisfaction, Icepaw was happy despite his stinging wounds. The stolen prey had been returned and no one was killed.

Bluelily, on the other paw, stopped short, gasping in sudden shock. "Are you okay?" He asked the sleek blue-grey she-cat.

Instead of responding directly, the medicine cat turned her gaze to the streak of sunlight, whispering mysterious words under her breath. "*Blood must flood the Clans during the tragedy of war to stop inevitable destruction*."

Is that a prophecy from StarClan she just received? Icepaw wondered, puzzled.

Back at camp, Icepaw mentally played the prophecy over and over again as Bluelily pressed a poultice of herbs to a cut on his shoulder and securing it with a wad of cobwebs. Ignoring the stinging of his wounds, he muttered thanks to the she-cat and padded to the fresh-kill pile to see it surprisingly low for newleaf. The apprentice spotted Beeshade talking to Darkstream and Kestrelpaw near the camp entrance and walked over.

"Beeshade?" He asked, slightly embarrassed after interrupting their conversation. "I noticed the fresh-kill pile is almost empty. Can I go hunting?"

His mentor's eyes brightened, probably because his apprentice was willingly offering to catch food for the Clan. "Of course!"

"We were just talking about that," Darkstream put in, giving his smoky tabby pelt a shake. "Would you mind if Kestrelpaw joined you? It'll be safer and more productive if there are two of you."

Icepaw nodded and followed his denmate through the thorn tunnel, wincing as the sharp plant scraped his ears. The two cats headed to the part of the territory where the undergrowth was thickest and they would have the most success with finding prey.

He quickly picked up the scent of a rabbit nearby and whispered to his companion, "Go downwind of it and stay hidden. I'll scare it and send it running toward you."

Kestrelpaw agreed and crouched low, silently heading toward the other side of the prey. Once Icepaw saw him in position, he ran

forward, hissing to alert the animal. Its ears perked and sprinted toward the nearest bramble patch, where Kestrelpaw was waiting. Springing from his cover, the black-and-white tom pounced on the rabbit, dealing it a quick death bite.

He dragged it into the open and kicked dirt over it while Icepaw smiled slightly, thinking about how many cats the large piece of fresh-kill would feed. The two wandered deeper into the bushes, continuing the hunt.

When they returned to the camp, Icepaw carried two mice and a thrush, while Kestrelpaw dragged the rabbit behind him along with a nice, plump squirrel.

"Well done!" Beeshade exclaimed, watching the two apprentices drop their catch into the fresh-kill pile. "Go take something for yourself, then join Eagleflight, Thistlefall, Lightpaw, and me for evening patrol."

Icepaw nodded and did as told, fetching part of the rabbit he caught and eating it quickly, savoring the delicious and juicy flavor. He caught up with the four cats he was patrolling with just as they were about to leave the camp. Skirting along the OakClan territory line, Icepaw caught the whiff of blood and unfamiliar cats. "Rogues." He grumbled, remembering the part of the warrior code that stated a Clan must help another in need.

Eagleflight's grey eyes flashed as a pained shriek sounded in the distance. Soon a pitch black she-cat with exhausted blue eyes appeared from behind a tree, limping on three legs as fast as she could toward the patrol. "H-help us... please! Rogues... are t-trying to drive us... out."

The ThornClan apprentice recognized the warrior as Timberblaze from the three Gatherings he had attended so far. Thistlefall glanced at Lightpaw. "You're the fastest. Run back to the camp and get help." The pale ginger she-cat nodded and raced away.

Beeshade's expression was unreadable as he followed Timberblaze across the border. He whispered something only

Icepaw could hear. "Hope you're ready to shed some blood for the second time today."

Chapter Three [REVISED]

Snowpaw couldn't remember being so scared in her life. A seemingly endless stream of rogues had broken through the wall of ferns covering the camp's entrance, taking out the guards and heading straight towards the nursery. A few warriors had been in camp at that time, but not enough to stop the bloodthirsty cats from trying to kill the queens and steal the kits.

Green eyes flashing, the small white she-cat leaped at the nearest rogue from behind, swiping its ears with unsheathed claws. Blood flowed from the cuts and into the enemy's eyes, leaving them blind and fleeing from the camp.

"Fawnkit!" A distressed screech rang out, and Snowpaw turned to see a black queen, Starlingsong, clawing furiously at a rogue that pinned her down while watching another cat carrying away a pale brown she-kit with white speckles, its eyes still closed.

Anger taking over, Snowpaw hurled herself at the grey tabby tom attempting to leave the camp with the kit squealing in his jaws. His dark blue eyes shone menacingly when he spotted the apprentice flying toward him. He raised a paw to stop her, but Snowpaw ducked and rolled, smashing into his legs and knocking him off balance. The kit was free from his jaws, and Starlingsong, who'd sent the other rogue running, scooped up the small bundle and blinked at the white she-cat in gratitude.

Snowpaw glanced around. Although many rogues had fled, there were still more waves flowing through the fern walls. Then suddenly a battle cry sounded and in raced Eagleflight, Thistlefall, Beeshade, and Icepaw of ThornClan.

With the fresh reinforcements, rogues stopped entering the camp, but there were still many swarming about and continuing to attack queens to steal their kits. Snowpaw fixed her gaze on the large tabby she had been previously fighting and dove underneath him, slashing at his stomach. The tom yowled and jumped away,

but not before stumbling over the tail of another cat. With his belly exposed, Snowpaw continued to inflict wounds on the screeching cat, eventually pinning down his shoulders in victory.

Instead of letting the cat go, she decided to question him in order to gain helpful information to take down this band of rogues after the Clan recovered. "What's your leader's name?" She hissed.

The tom glared in hatred but didn't respond. She dug her claws in deeper, making the cat shriek, then finally give in. "H-her name is Fang. She's the large pale ginger cat with unusually long teeth."

"And the name of your group of rogues?"

The cat decided not to test his luck with refusing to answer. "We're the Northern Junkyard Cats."

Snowpaw realized he was talking about the Twolegplace a day's travel north of the Clan territories.

"Your name?" She growled.

"My name?" The tabby snarled in disgust. "My name's Smoke."

With that, he broke loose of Snowpaw's grip and leaped through the ferns and into the forest.

The white she-cat noticed another ThornClan patrol had come to their aid and OakClan's hunting and border patrols had returned to fight. Fang, seeing they were now outnumbered, called for a retreat, squirming from her attacker's hold and bounding away. Her followers ran after her in a matter of heartbeats, leaving OakClan alone with ThornClan.

Twigstep, the medicine cat, ran over with a bundle of cobwebs, handing them to Snowpaw. "I've got no apprentice to help me, so I'll need your help. Just find the most scratched up cat and press these to the worst of their wounds."

The apprentice nodded, scampering toward a blood-soaked ThornClan tom who was unsteadily licking away some dried blood to expose white fur. "Here." She muttered, applying the cobwebs.

The tom blinked in gratitude as the bleeding on a wound on his side was slowed. "Are you... Snowpaw?" He asked warily. "I recognize you from the last Gathering. I'm Icepaw."

"You'd be correct," she answered, moving on to a cut on his shoulder, "these injuries are deep. Did you fight in two battles today?"

Icepaw nodded, "yeah, my Clan raided SwiftClan to take back the prey they've been stealing. There was this white tom with golden eyes... he looked very similar to you and me. I just feel like I remember him, but can't place from where." His copper eyes looked troubled as the words spilled from his mouth.

A memory hit Snowpaw like a monster on the Thunderpath. Eyes still closed, being dragged by the scruff through a snow covered forest, breathing in the scent of blood and her mother and father. Three other scents were there as well, faint but there. One of them was present, right in front of her,

"The smell of you... it's familiar. From a time of bloodshed and swirling snowflakes," Snowpaw involuntarily let the memory flood from her muzzle, "I've scented it before when I met Frostpaw of DewClan at a Gathering."

Icepaw stiffened, seeming to be struck by reality. "O-our names. Icepaw, Snowpaw, Frostpaw, and... Hailpaw, I think. They all refer to leaf-bare." He paused, deep in thought while Snowpaw dressed the last of his wounds. "Were you a former rogue?"

"The elders told me I was found by a dawn patrol as a young kit with two dead parents. They took me in, hoping to raise me as an OakClan apprentice."

The ThornClan tom gasped, eyes stretching wide with astonishment. "S-Snowpaw. I... I think you, Hailpaw, Frostpaw, and I are littermates."

Before Snowpaw could process the news, Dapplestar leaped onto the Clan Tree and let out a caterwaul. "ThornClan, we thank you for your help, but it is time for you to leave. See you at the next

Gathering."

"I should probably go," Icepaw told Snowpaw who was just recovering from the shock.

"I'll ask the elders if there were any more cats involved when I was found. Just to be sure." The she-cat responded. Icepaw nodded and followed his Clan, exiting the OakClan camp.

Softpetal, her mentor, padded up to her apprentice, a blackbird in her jaws. She dropped it at Snowpaw's feet, mewing, "take this to Shrewleaf, Rattail, and Wishwillow, then eat something yourself."

The white she-cat nodded and picked up the fresh-kill, ignoring the mouth-watering scent. She trotted to the elders' den, pushing it to the three old cats. "This is for you." She told them as they sniffed the prey hungrily. "I know it's not much, so if you're hungry afterward I'll be glad to get you another piece of fresh-kill."

Shrewleaf shook out his brown tabby fur and blinked gratefully at Snowpaw. "No, this is fine for me." He grunted while scratching at his ear. The apprentice noticed a large tick planted slightly behind it and felt that she should ease the elder's discomfort.

"I'll be right back." She mewed and bounded quickly to the medicine cat's den. Ducking through the ferns, she caught sight of Twigstep organizing herbs in the back. She cleared her throat to get the cat's attention.

The dusty brown she-cat turned at the sound and saw of the white cat. "What do you need?" She asked.

"Some mouse bile, please."

The medicine cat nodded briskly and handed her a smelly wad of bile-soaked moss attached to a short stick. Snowpaw mewed her thanks and rushed back to the elders who were sharing the blackbird.

"Is that for this nasty tick near my ear?" Shrewleaf asked, content dripping in his voice.

Snowpaw nodded and got to work, thankful for the excuse to hear the story of when she and her potential littermates were found. "So you know how I was found on the border as an abandoned rogue kit?" She dared to inquire.

Rattail, an old dark grey tom, answered. "Oh, I know lots about that event. It was right before I retired. What would you like to be told?"

"I was just wondering," the she-cat chose her words carefully, "if there were any other cats there at the time. Maybe a parent? A sibling?"

The silence that followed her question made Snowpaw's stomach twist in worry. Had she picked the wrong time to ask that? Was it suspicious after a battle with the Northern Junkyard Cats with ThornClan as an aide? Finally, Wishwillow, who was known for being relatively quiet, spoke up in a weak, raspy voice.

"There were three other white kits, a she-kit, and two toms. And it wasn't just any OakClan border. It was the border with SwiftClan, OakClan, ThornClan, and DewClan."

"I was on a dawn patrol," Rattail suddenly butt in, "and we had just come to the territory line to find you and your littermates with your deceased parents sheltered under the Great Boulder. The adult cats had horrible wounds and stank strongly of the group of rogues who just attacked us."

Shrewleaf nodded. "Someone suggested that we take in the kits and raise them in OakClan, but then ThornClan showed up, insisting that one of the toms was on their side of the border."

"And shortly after, SwiftClan and DewClan arrived, and a hostile argument erupted." Rattail mewed, reflecting on the event. "Claws were being unsheathed when I offered the compromise of each Clan taking one kit and raising them. Most cats agreed, and the decision was made."

By then Snowpaw had finished grooming through Shrewleaf's fur and stood, shaking her ruffled white pelt. She wasn't sure how

to respond to the elders' story of how she truly *did* have three littermates in different Clans. Shuffling her paws slightly, she muttered a goodnight to the three old cats and exited the den.

Night had fallen and Snowpaw was curled up among her denmates in the apprentices' den, struggling to find sleep. Her mind was racing with concerns of her new knowledge. Would the Clan believe she was loyal now that she was aware of her kin? Would she ever have to fight her siblings? And worst of all, why did the Northern Junkyard Cats attack OakClan? Was it to steal kits as revenge for Snowpaw, who was a former rogue kit?

With the battling between SwiftClan and ThornClan, and the rogues attacking OakClan, what will become of the forest? Will we ever see peace again? Snowpaw wondered before the world faded into the darkness of sleep.

Chapter Four

[image]

Moonlight gleamed from a gap through the fluffy clouds above as Frostpaw entered a small grassy clearing. Her head tilted upward to admire the twinkling stars that littered the dark sky overhead. She wondered how she had gotten there, it seemed as though she had been moved through space from her comfortable nest to this newleaf wonderland.

The apprentice blinked her bright blue eyes several times at her surroundings, making out the shadowed silhouettes of oak and maple trees that stretched around the clearing. Her jaws opened to call out a wary, "hello?"

Faster than a cat could say "mouse" the scenery changed. It was the same place, but a different time filled with bloodstained grass and a writhing mass of fighting cats. Frostpaw's feet seemed to be uprooted from the ground as her body froze in a mixture of fear and shock. Screeched and pained cries split through the air as the sparring cats clawed at one another viciously.

The scene in front of her was finally processed and she leaped high in the air to avoid a large tom that seemed to blindly barrel towards her. She regained control of her muscles and fled, swerving around trees and jumping clumsily over fallen logs in a panicked nature.

The next opening in the trees that she encountered was no better. More cats were at war, snapping at each other's necks. Frostpaw ran again, in the first direction she saw that led away from the fight. Her body ached as she continued to sprint, then stopped short when she found yet another space brimming with battling cats. This time, before she could bring her legs into motion, a deep, eerie voice sounded in her ear.

"Beware, young Frostpaw," the mysterious cat whispered, "*for blood must flood the Clans during the tragedy of war to stop inevitable*

destruction."

A bolt of lightning flashed in the air, followed by the loud crash of thunder. At the incredible loud sound, the fighting cats before the white she-cat fell to the ground, dead.

Frostpaw's eyes shot open as she glanced wildly at her surroundings. Instead of seeing the gory and traumatizing battle scene, there was stillness in the air and she recognized the apprentices' den. Scraps of moss from her nest were scattered across the ground and Frostpaw realized the ominous words whispered in her ear were all part of dream.

Amberpaw, a ginger she-cat with golden stripes and hazel eyes raised her head and glanced at Frostpaw with a questioning and tired expression. "Are you okay? You were thrashing around in your sleep."

The white apprentice nodded, "yes, I'm fine. It was only a dream."

Her denmate blinked in understanding before curling up to sleep again. Frostpaw tried to do so as well, but couldn't get the prophecy out of her head. *Blood must flood the Clans during the tragedy of war to stop inevitable destruction.* Her mind raced. *What does that mean?*

Unable to deal with the restlessness any longer, she stood and gave her pelt a shake, then walked slowly and unsurely to the medicine cat's den. If anyone in the Clan could decipher a message, it would be Stormtail or his apprentice Lakepaw.

When she arrived, the she-cat pondered for a few moments about who to wake up. Stormtail would be ideal, but he was old and extremely grumpy. Lakepaw was friendlier, but only had three moons of medicine cat training. Shaking her head and bracing herself, Frostpaw raised a paw and shook Stormtail awake.

The smoky-grey tom's snoring came to a halt and his head shot up while he yowled, "But Daisybreeze can't have aching joints again! I tended to that yesterday!"

Choking back a *mrrow* of laughter, Frostpaw asked in a hushed voice, "Stormtail, I'm sorry to wake you, but I just received a message from StarClan."

The old cat snapped from his haze and yawned crankily. "It better be good."

"It is, and it was a prophecy." The apprentice explained quietly, "It said *blood must flood the Clans during the tragedy of war to stop inevitable destruction*."

Stormtail's drowsy demeanor disappeared when she spoke the words. He coughed, trying to cover the sentence that Frostpaw still heard. "I never assumed StarClan would give that message to one of the four littermates."

Stormtail continued to mull over the prophecy as Frostpaw slowly exited the den, wishing she never asked him about anything. She had littermates? Who were they? She managed to slip back into the apprentices' den unnoticed and fall into a dreamless sleep.

Frostpaw still felt exhausted when Amberpaw shook her awake the next morning. She opened her sky blue eyes groggily and stretched. "Dawn patrol?"

Her denmate purred in amusement. "No, mouse-brain. It's the sunhigh hunting party."

This made Frostpaw stand up immediately. She'd never slept in before. "Already? Then let's get going!"

Shadewhisper, her mentor, was standing in the center of the camp grooming his dark tabby pelt. When he saw Frostpaw and Amberpaw approaching, he stood and called over Honeypool, whose apprentice was Amberpaw.

"We're going to hunt in the stream near the border with FoxClan." Shadewhisper grunted to the two cats before turning and padding through the camp entrance.

Frostpaw heaved a sigh as she followed the warrior. Shadewhisper was an experienced cat with much to teach her, but was never very kind or enthusiastic. His comments were always brief and he hardly ever praised her for doing anything right. The white she-cat always secretly envied Amberpaw for having a more enthusiastic mentor.

The apprentice's thoughts were interrupted when Honeypool cheerily announced their arrival at the hunting grounds. Frostpaw opened her jaws to taste the air, and scented several water voles scurrying around in the reeds.

"I smell some prey." She murmured to Shadewhisper. "Can I try to catch it?"

"Yes." The dark grey tom replied bluntly and turned his back to crouch over the stream in search of fish.

Frostpaw ignored his usual gruff attitude and dropped into a low stance, preparing to strike. Each muscle tensed as she perked her ears to her slight rustling directly in front of her. Knowing the time was right, she leaped forward and trapped the water vole under her claws, ending it's life quickly.

But before she could pick it up and bring back to the patrol, a flash of white shot through the grass in pursuit of a rabbit. The cat smelled strongly of the nearby border, and Frostpaw concluded that the newcomer was from FoxClan.

The rabbit disappeared over a rise and the cat stopped, golden eyes flashing in search of where he was. Frostpaw crept forward slowly and cautiously, despite the fact that there were tensions between FoxClan and ThornClan, not FoxClan and DewClan. "Why are you on our territory?" She called out tentatively.

The tom stopped abruptly and stared at Frostpaw, realization that he crossed the border dawning to him. "I'm sorry, I didn't know I crossed the territory line. I'll leave right away."

Frostpaw was about to call over Shadewhisper or Honeypool when a memory resurfaced in the depths of her mind. Everything

was dark and cold with only the pitiful sound of crying kits and the thundering noise of howling wind. One of the kits had a similar voice to the cat in front of her, although his was much deeper.

"Wait," she mewed as the white apprentice tom turned to leave, "what's your name?"

"I'm Frozenpaw."

Headcanons [1]

I've always found headcanons enjoyable to read, so I'll be trying this out every four chapters. Also, sorry for the slow update!

~ The book was originally going to be called Leaf-Bare's Storm.

~ Frozenpaw's name was Blizzardpaw at first.

~ I honestly wish I named Frozenpaw Coldpaw instead.

~ Snowpaw was originally going to have blue eyes.

~ The entire book was intended to be a one-shot but I got curious of what would happen next and decided to continue it.

~ I made the Allegiances (besides the main characters) from cats I found interesting in the many NTA's I participate in.

~ Fang was supposed to be a tom but I thought a female antagonist would be a lot cooler and less overused.

~ I already have the four mains' future relationships and kits planned out (not going to spoil).

~ I will forever wish I didn't use the common LeafClan. FoliageClan would've been a lot better.

~ I got the cover from looking up "cat digital drawing" just for fun. I saw the picture and fell in love with it, making it the cover.

And there's ten headcanons/facts!

Chapter Five

Frozenpaw felt uneasy as he trotted back to a hunting patrol consisting of Ravenpaw, and to his disappointment, Briarpaw. Their mentors had given them a practice assessment, having them hunt as a group until dusk to try and bring back as much prey as possible. The white tom feared what trouble he would be in for accidentally crossing the DewClan border and having a conversation with a strikingly familiar rival apprentice.

"What took so long?" Briarpaw sneered slightly while Frozenpaw flashed him an annoyed golden glance. "Get caught on a bramble tendril while pathetically chasing that rabbit?"

"Will you shut up, Briarpaw?" Ravenpaw instantly came to his defense. "At least he *tried* to go after it, whereas you stood like a lazy mouse-brained fool when the prey was right under your claws!"

That was another new change that had surprised Frozenpaw. Ever since he uncovered that the black she-cat had planned to meet up in secret with a ThornClan cat, Ravenpaw had done basically everything she could to keep Frozenpaw happy. When he was asked to care for the elders, she volunteered. When he was about to grab some fresh-kill, she brought it for him.

Briarpaw replied with a grunt and turned his back, trotting deeper into FoxClan territory. Frozenpaw glanced upward to see the sun beginning to set. "It's probably time to start collecting the prey we've buried." He suggested quietly.

Ravenpaw nodded vigorously, "good idea." She shook out her ruffled black pelt and started running at a steady pace to the place they had last hunted.

By the time the three cats made their way back to camp Frozenpaw was exhausted from the amount of effort it took to carry

back all the prey they had caught. Lynxstep, Otterstrike, and Duckflight, Briarpaw's mentor, were waiting for them when the apprentices arrived.

Lynxstep's expression was slightly impressed, yet etched in a way that made it look like she expected that much prey to come back. "Nice job, you three." She mewed with an approving nod.

The other two mentors agreed as well, giving them permission to get something to eat. Frozenpaw trotted to the fresh-kill pile, with Ravenpaw on his heels. "Will you ever stop following me?" He hissed, sudden anger rushing through him and destroying his usually calm demeanor.

Ravenpaw sat up straight, worry and hurt brimming in her mossy green eyes. "I-I'm sorry... I didn't mean to annoy you. It's just-"

The FoxClan apprentice flattened his ears, a growl rising in his throat. "It's just that you can't bear the fact that someone knows about you wanting to sneak off with a ThornClan tom, so you cling to me in order to keep me from saying anything! I already promised I would keep my mouth shut, is my word not enough?"

"No! That's not it-"

"Then what is it?" He asked, golden eyes blazing.

"Never mind." The black she-cat muttered, walking away to a quiet corner of the camp where she laid down and rested her chin on her paws.

"You're such a mouse-brain." The voice came from Echopaw, another one of his denmates who had watched the whole exchange. Frozenpaw swallowed, realizing that now one more cat knew about Ravenpaw's secret.

He turned to the pale gray apprentice. "Listen, don't tell any cat about-"

"How stupid could you be?" She cut him off, amusement twinkling in her dark blue eyes. "I'm her best friend, I already knew

about Kestrelpaw before she had even gone to meet him. And for the record, she's not padding after you because she is afraid you'll tell someone, she *likes* you!"

Shock overwhelmed Frozenpaw. He'd never had a she-cat take interest in him before. "B-but I thought... she- you know, wanted to be with Kestrelpaw..."

"That was only minor curiosity. This is real. She wants to get to know you better."

"I..." He trailed off, completely dumbstruck.

"You go on ahead and think about that for a while. I'm going to try and calm her down after you yelled at her." Echopaw mewed stiffly and stood, padding toward Ravenpaw.

Guilt swamped Frozenpaw and his head drooped as he dragged himself into the apprentices' den to settle into sleep. Before he could think "mouse", the scenery changed to an eerily quiet clearing with icy moonlight gleaming through a small gap in the clouds.

"Frozenpaw!" A familiar, young female voice cried out right before she barreled into the startled white tom. As the unknown cat scrambled off of him, he noticed in particular the feel of her medium-length white fur. It took him back to a time when there was nothing but howling winds and blowing snow, where he was placed next to a kit with the same textured pelt as this she-cat here.

"Frostpaw?" He asked after getting a whiff of the she-cat's scent. "Why are you in my dream? Is anyone else here?"

"Yes." A different voice answered, and Frozenpaw spun around to see another familiar white cat, this time a tom with copper eyes.

"You! You're the one who fought me in the battle, but hesitated before I got seriously injured."

"That's me," he answered, "I'm Icepaw. Has anyone seen Snowpaw?"

Frostpaw glanced around warily. "Who's Snowpaw?"

Another white she-cat, this one with green eyes, appeared from the darkness of the night and into the clearing. "I'm Snowpaw. Listen, I'm not sure why we are are all here, but I bet it's got to do with what Icepaw and I figured out."

Something about how the two cats were conspiring made Frozenpaw uneasy. "Wait... Icepaw is from ThornClan, yes? And you smell like LeafClan. When did you two have time to discuss this?"

"We'll explain that later," Icepaw replied, "but right now we need to tell you something."

"All four of us are littermates." Snowpaw blurted with a worried glance at Icepaw.

A moment of silence followed, and Frozenpaw felt numb with shock. How was that even possible? He had always known he was once a rogue kit, but figured he was alone. If he had siblings, why didn't FoxClan take them in too?

"*What* in the name of StarClan are you talking about?" Frostpaw hissed, the fur on the back of her neck rising.

Snowpaw sighed. "It's a long story..."

"Then start explaining." This was Frozenpaw speaking, slightly afraid to hear the story that would rip away every bit of truth he had ever known.

Chapter Six

Uneasiness swamped Icepaw as he remembered how shocked he felt when he first found out about his siblings and realized the disbelief Frostpaw and Frozenpaw must have been going through. "Well... you see there was this battle when LeafClan fought this group of rogues-"

"The Northern Junkyard Cats." Snowpaw cut him off. "That's what a cat named Smoke said when I pinned him down. Their leader is a pale ginger she-cat named Fang."

"Right," the copper-eyed tom snapped, "and ThornClan came to LeafClan's aid and helped defeat them. Afterwards, Snowpaw and I met and recognized each other. We talked for a bit before realizing that we were both rogue kits taken in by the Clans after our parents died."

Frostpaw's sky blue eyes widened, and Icepaw figured she was recalling about how the same thing happened to her. "I asked the elders who told me that I was found on the border between the four Clans with three other white kits. They said that the dawn patrols argued over who got to take us in until someone suggested that each Clan take one kit." Snowpaw piped up.

"So you're telling me," Frozenpaw inquired slowly, "That what I thought about being an only kit my whole life was a complete lie?"

Icepaw nodded. "And there's one more thing. I heard my medicine cat receive a prophecy-"

"*Blood must flood the Clans during the tragedy of war to stop inevitable destruction.*" Frostpaw interrupted.

"You know about it?" He asked in disbelief.

Frostpaw shrugged, as if trying to play it off. "I had a dream last night. First everything was peaceful, but then the forest erupted

into many cats fighting each other viciously. Everywhere I ran, there was just more bloodshed and I couldn't escape. A voice whispered the prophecy in my ear before there was a crash of thunder and every cat fell dead. Then I woke up."

Frozenpaw had a troubled expression in his golden eyes. Snowpaw seemed to notice. "Is everything alright?"

"It's just... why did everyone have at least some warning about this except me?" He turned to Icepaw, who was very confused. "You and Snowpaw figured out that we were related, and Frostpaw got a prophecy from StarClan. Where do I come into this?"

"That is for me to tell you." A different, much deeper voice sounded from the edge of the clearing where they discussed. All four apprentices spun around in surprise to see an adult black-and-white tom with one blue eye and one green eye. His look had something oddly familiar about it, but Icepaw just couldn't place it.

"Who are you?" He demanded, prickly nature returning. "Why are we here?"

The tom purred. "Calm down, Ice. I'll explain everything."

Frustration began to boil inside of Icepaw. "My name is Ice*paw*. And you better start talking before I-"

Frostpaw rolled her eyes. "Would you stop snapping and let him say something!"

The ThornClan tom reluctantly shut his mouth and waved his tail for the mysterious cat to begin. "My name is Storm. I died a little less than ten moons ago because of wounds that were inflicted on my mate and I as we tried to escape the Northern Junkyard Cats with our four white kits."

Snowpaw's vivid green eyes were the first to widen when Storm said this. "T-the elders said that my parents who had just died when I was found as a kit smelled like the Northern Junkyard Cats that attacked us!"

"And we're littermates and all have white pelts, meaning..."

Icepaw trailed off as realization hit him hard.

"Yes, I am your father." Storm answered, a glimmer of pride in his mismatched eyes. "And Ivy is your mother. She wanted to come, but StarClan would only let one of us enter their territory to walk in your dreams."

"What... what happened?" Frozenpaw asked shakily.

The bicolor tom looked down upon his son who was quivering slightly. "Your mother was raised in the Northern Junkyard Cats by two cats that were never around very much, and failed to give her the love and respect she needed. I was a loner brought up by a single she-cat who posed as my foster parent. When I was old enough to go off on my own, I stumbled into the rogues' territory and met Ivy, where we fell in love.

"When Ivy started expecting, Fang, the leader, demanded we raise our unborn kits to become fighters for her army. But Ivy wanted differently and insisted we run away. I agreed, and the plan was set.

"On the night we organized our escape, everything went as planned until she started kitting and our pursuers caught up. We were forced to be escorted back so Ivy could deliver you four safely. About a quarter moon later, we attempted to leave again, but were caught in a snowstorm that gave Fang and her followers the opportunity to attack. We narrowly got out with our lives and kits, before we collapsed by a boulder and died from blood loss."

Icepaw was dumbstruck by the final, real truth. The fact that the rogue group that attacked LeafClan also killed his parents shocked him even more as his mind raced with unanswered questions.

Snowpaw was the first to snap from the trance of silence. "S-so that means... that the Northern Junkyard Cats want to steal Clan kits in revenge for the ones they lost!"

"Which was us..." Frozenpaw trailed off, glancing hesitantly at his father.

"Yes is was," the mismatched-eyed tom responded slowly, "and there is a prophecy to make it right."

A/N: So sorry for not updating for so long DX. I really need to get a schedule for this. Maybe every Tuesday? I'll see what I can do. Thank you so much to everyone who is being so supportive! It means so much to me and I'll try to make more of an effort to reply to your wonderful comments. Also, a heads-up that I'll be coming out with another book sometime soon, so stay tuned!

~ Feather

P.S. You also have my apologies for such a short chapter.

Chapter Seven

Snowpaw felt worry and confusion sweep over her as Frostpaw stood rigidly, muttering the ominous words of the prophecy under her breath. "*Blood must flood the Clans during the tragedy of war to stop inevitable destruction.*"

"I don't get it." Snowpaw blurted. "What does it mean? How will blood stop our demise? Surely blood is a bad thing! Will someone have to sacrifice themselves to bring peace?"

Storm gazed down at his daughter with a mixture of fondness and sorrow in his mismatched eyes. "Snow- I mean Snowpaw, if I told you everything you wouldn't learn. You must figure this out on your own. The sake of you and your Clans depend on it. "

The green eyed apprentice could tell that her father was preparing for his departure, but Frozenpaw cut off any final words. "What about me? You said you were going to explain what my role is with the prophecy."

"Oh yes, I almost forgot." The bicolor tom stated, slightly embarrassed. "You're quiet and peaceful demeanor will be an essential part of the solution to the dilemma. All of you must work together to unite the Clans against these rogues."

"But ThornClan and FoxClan are fighting!" Icepaw protested with a hint of bitterness in his voice. "How are we supposed to get our leaders to become allies when we're constantly quarreling over stolen prey?"

Storm didn't reply. Instead he gazed behind the four young cats with a blend of shock and concern etched in his expression. Snowpaw whipped around, expecting to see something horrible. Indeed, she saw a small stream that had flowed behind them turn to blood as it slowly swelled over it's banks.

The white she-cat tried to run, to get out of there as fast as

possible and never look back. But her paws were frozen to the ground, leaving her stiff and unable to move. She opened her jaws to hiss, yowl, growl, or do *something*, but no sound came out.

The sticky crimson liquid crept up to her unsheathed claws, then washed up against her fur, staining it red. "Have faith, my kits." Storm's echoing voice boomed from behind. "You know what to do. Hopefully we'll speak again soon."

I sure hope the concluding circumstances of that future conversation are different. Snowpaw thought sarcastically, still struggling in vain to move away from the flowing blood.

Snowpaw couldn't remember ever being so relieved for a dream to end. Her heart was thumping wildly as the bloodied StarClan forest faded away into nothingness. She rose her head and blinked blearily at the other apprentices that were staring at her.

Koipaw, whose father was the deputy and therefore always assumed he could say and get away with everything, snickered. "Some dream you were having, *rogue.* What happened, a mouse bite back when you tried to pounce?"

Snowpaw sat for a few moments, trying to come up with a good comeback. *Icepaw always seemed to have a sharp and witty reply, what would he say?* She noticed specifically how weird it still was to think about her siblings.

After another moment of contemplating, she responded with a grin. "At least my dreams involve me hunting and contributing to the Clan. I bet all you think about at night is what she-cat you're going to pad after next."

What she said was the truth; Koipaw was well known for being flirtatious toward any female willing to walk within three tail-lengths of him. The other apprentices scoffed not-so-subtly while the tortoiseshell tom glared angrily.

Snowpaw spoke again, this time the insult going much lower

than the previous one. "I'll have you know that you should just give up now. Tortoiseshell toms are sterile and everyone is aware."

Not wishing to see the blue-eyed apprentice's reaction, she stood and briefly stretched, exiting the den swiftly. She spotted Softpetal in the clearing, just finishing a squirrel. "Hi Softpetal!" She called as cheerily as possible, hoping that if she faked happiness she'd forget about the dream.

The gray and white she-cat looked surprised that Snowpaw was up so early, but didn't comment on it. "Good morning, Snowpaw. I thought that we would battle train today."

"Sounds great!"

The white she-cat's mentor told her to eat some fresh-kill before they left. Nodding vigorously, she trotted to the pile and wolfed down a shrew. After she was done, Softpetal led her to the clearing a few tree-lengths from the camp, where training was always held.

"Alright," Softpetal began. "As a reminder, when in battle you want to keep two important things in your mind."

"Attack from behind whenever possible and always pay attention to the direction of the wind." Snowpaw finished.

She nodded. "Correct. And why are those two things important?"

Snowpaw knew the answer instantly. Two moons of training hadn't gone to waste. "When you leap from behind the opponent, you retain the element of surprise and also gain higher ground, which easily knocks the enemy down. You have to be mindful of the wind so your scent doesn't alert the rival cat. You should always make sure the breeze is coming toward you and away from them."

"Very good, I see you've remembered the basics. Now practice on me the Unbalancing Act."

That was a move Snowpaw had never been good at. It involved rolling into the opponent's legs with enough force to knock them over. Since Snowpaw was smaller than average, it was difficult for

her to summon the strength to unbalance them. Pushing her bitter thoughts aside, the apprentice nodded and stood directly behind her mentor.

Softpetal reared up, standing on only her hind legs. Snowpaw could see her body descending onto her own in attempt to crush her. The green-eyed she-cat crouched as quickly as possible and rolled to the side, knocking into Softpetal's legs. The blow could've been more powerful, but it was enough to slightly tilt the warrior to the side. The apprentice seized the moment to leap away, tail landing in the spot that her mentor would've been if she hadn't been knocked into.

Softpetal stood, panting slightly. "Nice job, you avoided the attack. Next time just try to be more powerful."

You always tell me to be more powerful. Why can't I just get this stupid move right? Snowpaw thought to herself furiously. The look of distraught must've registered her her face.

"Snowpaw, you need to have more confidence in yourself. We both know that you can do this move, you just need to stop telling yourself that you can't." Softpetal assured her gently.

Snowpaw couldn't help but let out a small hiss of frustration. "I'm never good enough! My denmates call me a rogue, I always get stuck doing medicine cat duties, I can't do one simple battle move, and my siblings are better than me in every possible way!" It took her a few moments to realize what she just leaked. "Oh, um... forget about what I said about- about non-existent littermates."

"Littermates?" Softpetal sounded shocked. "You were an only kit! You didn't have any siblings!"

Snowpaw contemplated whether or not to trust Softpetal. She *was* her mentor and was a good secret-keeper. She was kind-hearted and probably wouldn't tell anyone. The only thing holding her back is the fact that she would be betraying her siblings and father. Wasn't this supposed to be a secret? The elders clearly didn't think so, considering that fact that they told her about them in the first place. Before she could second guess herself, everything flowed out.

"Um... Frozenpaw from FoxClan, Icepaw of ThornClan, and DewClan's Frostpaw are my siblings. We've met on a few separate occasions, and all agreed that there was something familiar about each of us. I asked the elders and they told me that I was found on the border of all the Clans with three other kits. The dawn patrols had a dispute until they decided to each take one kit. That's how we ended up in different Clans."

She paused to make sure Softpetal was still following.

"Then we had a shared dream last night with our dead father, Storm, who told us that the rogue group we recently fought had been chasing our parents who were trying to escape through a blizzard and into Clan territory. They're called the Northern Junkyard Cats, and want revenge on the Clans for taking in kits that were once theirs."

The white cat's mentor still retained the same surprised expression.

"A-and apparently my siblings and I have to unite the Clans against the rogues even though FoxClan and ThornClan are fighting about something as stupid as prey and...and...I don't think I can do it!" By now Snowpaw was wailing, a twisting feeling of guilt in her stomach. She knew she was being over dramatic but couldn't help to not express her insecurity.

Heartbeats seemed to stretch into seasons as Snowpaw anxiously awaited her mentor's response. The gray-and-white cat stood rigid, eyes narrowed to indicate that she was trying to process all of the information. After a few more incredibly long moments, she briefly closed her eyes. "Snowpaw, I can't begin to imagine the amount of stress that must be on your shoulders. The only thing I *do* know for certain is that you need to believe in yourself. The task may seem impossible but only if you keep telling yourself that, you need to trust yourself and your siblings. I know you, and I know that you don't give up. Never give up during this mission."

Snowpaw nodded gravely. "You're right, I need confidence. Thank you, Softpetal. Your words have helped me and I appreciate them."

"Right," Softpetal meowed, shaking her head as if to clear it. "Now let's continue training. Try the Unbalancing Act again."

The apprentice suppressed a groan and took her position behind her mentor once again.

By the time training was over, the sun was dipping below the horizon. Snowpaw laid in the fading rays and munched on a mouse, lost in thought. *We need a plan of action, but can only do that if we all meet. Will we have joint dreams every night so we can converse? Or will we be forced to to meet on the borders all the time? I just hope we don't get caught; it'll be hard to explain everything with the prophecy and Northern Junkyard Cats.*

Her train of thought was cut off by a screech from one of the queens. A hawk was a diving into the center of the camp, heading straight towards a mouse that had been scurrying through the clearing. The large bird landed on top of the prey, and rolled into a nearby bush. The leafy plant rustled violently as warriors surrounded it to protect the kits. The hawk rolled out of the bush again, but this time it was motionless. The mouse, still alive, was on top of it for a few heartbeats before running off.

Pinespark, a brown tom with black ears, paws, and tail-tip stepped forward and tentatively prodded the bird with a sheathed paw. "It's dead." He confirmed. "I..I don't understand. Did a mouse kill a hawk?"

Twigstep dropped her bundle of herbs and rushed to the dead bird, inspecting it closely. "It's an omen," she muttered. "Someone seemingly weak among us will rise to bring our demise."

Bitterness clouded Snowpaw's mind. *As if I don't have enough problems. First the prophecy, and now this "weakling" that will be our destruction. What else could possibly go wrong?*

A/N: Oh my StarClan. It has literally been since May that I've updated this! I am really, *really* sorry! To (attempt to) make up for it, I wrote an extra long chapter. 1,916 words,

almost 2,000! Gosh, I feel so terrible.

I'd also like to announce that I won't update until late August/early September. I'm leaving in nine days to go to a month-long sleep away summer camp that will be electronics-free. Pray for me guys, pray for me. Not sure I'll survive.

On that note, I want to point out that the plot is finally picking up! I'd like to thank WarriorsOfTheCentury for the omen, although I did tweak it a little. It's from their Forever Warriors shop, which you guys should totally check out. They've got prophecies, omens, covers, cat names, full Clans, backgrounds, profile pictures, you name it!

I'll be on Wattpad until July 25th, and won't be back till August 20th. Feel free to contact me anytime before I leave, if you need to! I'm going to make the most out of the remaining month and a half.

One last thing before I go is that I've finally got an update schedule for this; every other Sunday. After I get back from camp, I'll try very hard to stick to it.

Thank you all for your wonderful support! It truly means a lot.

~ Feather

Chapter Eight

The sun shone dimly through the thick layers of clouds that blanketed the sky. A breeze rustled through the land lazily, gently upturning leaves and causing the grass to sway. The air was humid and warm, and Frostpaw could tell that rain would soon fall upon the four Clans.

She was sitting in the training area with Shadewhisper, Ripplepaw, and her denmate's mentor Vinethorn. This battle session was a particularly unnerving one for the she-cat. It was one thing to have her mentor criticize her every move, but training with an apprentice as handsome as the green-eyed tom beside her. It made her feel even more self-conscious than usual, and she could feel her fur heat up with embarrassment after every trip and fall.

"Frostpaw!" Shadewhisper's voice snapped her from her thoughts. Her head shot up, blue eyes flashing wildly.

"Yes?" She asked as nonchalantly as she could.

The dark gray tabby looked at her sternly. "Did you hear what I just said?"

What he just said? Um... oh StarClan, what did *he just say?* She wracked her brain for any memories of the conversation that had taken place just moments before this exchange.

"Er... you were talking about how sneaking up on an enemy is different from sneaking up on a piece of prey," Frostpaw stated, trying to sound confident.

"And after that?"

Several heartbeats went by and the apprentice had come up with nothing. Staring down at her paws, she muttered, "sorry, I must've missed it. Could you please repeat?"

Shadewhisper shot her a look that said *I wish I wasn't stuck with* you *as an apprentice* before huffing loudly in exasperation. "I *said* that you should stop trying to be flirtatious and keep your tail still when you crouch. Try again."

Frostpaw felt just about ready to jump into a stream and drown herself. How could he say that? Especially in front of Ripplepaw of all cats. She decided to sneak a glance in his direction, but the tom was sitting rigid and stoic as if shocked about something.

Great StarClan, she thought, *please let this training session be over soon.*

But she remained silent and reluctantly got into a crouched position, weight placed on her hindquarters. After a moment, she flexed her back legs and leaped at her mentor who was waiting, her sheathed paws aiming higher in the air than they would if she was hunting.

Shadewhisper tried to dodge but wasn't as quick as he needed to be. Frostpaw got a hold of one of his legs and wrapped her paws around it, yanking hard. The warrior was thrown off-balance and toppled over with his apprentice on top.

Serves him right. She internally mewed with pride as she got off the defeated cat. *He's a mousebrained jerk anyway.*

Shadewhisper took a few heartbeats to collect himself before meowing tartly,"that wasn't as terrible as last time. Let's wrap this up and go back to camp."

Frostpaw nodded happily, spirits rising instantly. She skipped ahead of the three other cats and admired the sunset on the way back to the place she called home. The rays of light were breaking through the heavy clouds, turning them all brilliant shades of orange and pink. Just as she padded through the entrance, the first raindrop fell directly on top of her head.

With a grunt of approval from Shadewhisper, Frostpaw hurriedly grabbed a water vole and settled down to eat next to Amberpaw. The ginger she-cat greeted her with a brief nod of her

head. They ate in silence, eager to finish their meal and return to the apprentice den for shelter from the rain.

Once Frostpaw sat in her nest, she glanced around at her other denmates hastily making their way into the bush. Amberpaw shot her a teasing glance and winked when Ripplepaw entered. The white she-cat felt her ears heat up in embarrassment and she ducked her head to avoid his piercing green gaze.

She tried to keep her wandering thoughts contained by listening to Thrushpaw's fruitless pursuit of Amberpaw, which she always found amusing.

"Hey Amberpaw, guess how many fish I caught today?"

Amberpaw groaned and rolled her hazel eyes in response. "I'm sure you're going to tell me."

"*Ten* fish!" The brown tabby puffed out his furry white chest in pride. "Silverleaf was *so* impressed."

It was Frostpaw that scoffed at his comment this time. Everyone knew that Silverleaf showed as much emotion other than disdain as Shadewhisper. The nicest thing she had ever heard the silver she-cat say was "that was only half mousebrained."

Sudden anger flashed in Thrushpaw's expression. He abruptly turned in Frostpaw's direction, making her instantly regret her reaction to the tom's remark.

"You think this is *funny*?" He spat. "I'll tell you what's funny. That Flarestar would ever let a mangy, diseased rogue like you into DewClan!"

Shockingly enough, Frostpaw didn't feel the usual bite of emotional turmoil this time. Ridicule was something she thought she'd never get used to, but at this specific moment, Thrushpaw's hateful comment didn't bother her.

Amberpaw, on the other paw, lashed her tail in fury. "Hey! Watch it!"

"Oh come on, Amberpaw. You can't possibly be friends with a bloodthirsty and foxhearted outsider like Frostpaw, can you?"

Amberpaw opened her mouth to retort, but her littermate beat her to it. "Why the sudden spite?"

Frostpaw's heart seemed to stop when Ripplepaw spoke. The light grey tom usually kept quiet and had *never* defended her against Thrushpaw and the other malicious Clanmates. The blue-eyed apprentice couldn't help but wonder what provoked the sudden support.

Thrushpaw hissed, "because she doesn't belong here! A Clan protects its members, not outsiders taken in because of pity." His orange gaze bore into Frostpaw's sending a slight shiver of dread down her spine. "She doesn't even have anything to say! She just sits around and lets you two mousebrains defend her out of charity. "

Frostpaw squeezed her eyes shut, fighting back the urge to spring from her nest and send her claws gouging into Thrushpaw's pelt. *Don't react, don't react.* She mentally repeated. *Ignore him; he'll get bored eventually and leave me alone.*

If only that were the case. Her obnoxious denmate's taunting continued for what seemed like three moons until Frostpaw became so worked up she abruptly stood and exited the den. She ignored Amberpaw's protests and Ripplepaw's scolding toward Thrushpaw. Blinking torrential raindrops from her eyelids, she bounded out of the camp and into the DewClan territory, choosing a direction at random.

Fury and humiliation laced through her veins, encouraging her to move faster and faster until she crashed face-first into what she thought was a tree. Glancing upward, she discovered it was indeed not a tree, but instead a familiar white tom with golden eyes that blinked at her in surprise.

She took a step back, inwardly cursing herself before facing the apprentice smelling of FoxClan. "Frozenpaw? What are you doing here?"

A/N: Look who's back! *sees mob of angry readers wielding pitchforks and torches* *runs away*

Oh my StarClan, I cannot even begin to explain how sorry I am for not updating since *last July*. Honestly, I'm the worst ever. I literally swear on my life that updates will be more regular. I already have two more pre-written chapters that just need editing before I will post them. I plan on updating *at least* every three days from now on; this book is now my #1 priority until May (which is when my update schedule changes).

Ahh, I am truly sorry for my absence. It wouldn't surprise me if no one read this at all anymore. For those who've stayed, I love you to the moon and back. Your loyalty astounds me.

See you real soon!

Headcanons [2]

And here are more headcanons! Sorry if y'all thought this was an actual chapter.

~ The poem thing in the beginning description was created because I wanted to turn those random cliché "I love you" quotes you see on the internet into a Warriors-related thing.

~ The poem is actually really hard to plot this story around, and I sometimes wish I could change it (which I've banned myself from doing long ago).

~ I will always feel guilty for the year-long gap between updates that just occurred.

~ I may or may not have lost all of my notes for this story on an old iPad that no longer works, so I'm just winging this based off my limited memory of what I had planned.

~ From now on I'll be writing chapters way in advance, so waiting will no longer be an issue.

~ Frozenpaw may or may not be my favorite out of the four littermates, with Icepaw close in second.

~ Most of my writing time is wasted on YouTube while most of my school time is wasted writing Blizzard.

~ The previous chapter was actually finished on April 13th, 2017 but I waited to publish it because I'm trying to stay true to my update schedule.

~ I'll be shocked if anyone is actually still reading this story.

~ I secretly think Snowpaw is really annoying and that Frostpaw just has no personality.

Chapter Nine

"Frostpaw! I was looking for you!" Frozenpaw exclaimed in surprise after his littermate accidentally barreled into him. "Why are you off in such a hurry?"

The she-cat made a half-hearted attempt to smooth down her fluffed up fur with her tail as she sent a distasteful glance in the direction she had just come. "Oh, er... it's nothing."

Frozenpaw shook his head. "It can't be nothing."

His sister heaved a sigh before sitting on the sodden grass. "My denmate, Thrushpaw, hates me. He kept taunting me in front of the other apprentices and called me a bloodthirsty charity case."

"I know how you feel," Frozenpaw replied, sitting next to her.

She cast a sideways glance of uncertainty. "Do you?"

He nodded. "Yes. Ever met Briarpaw at a Gathering? He's my own personal Thrushpaw."

She shook her head to clear it, sending beads of water everywhere. "It's not easy to live in a Clan when you don't have Clan blood."

"It's not." He agreed.

The silence stretched for several heartbeats before Frostpaw broke it.

"You never did tell me why you're here."

Frozenpaw's ears perked as he remembered what he came to say. "Oh, right. I wanted to talk to you about FoxClan and DewClan's relationship."

"As far as I know, there isn't one."

"Exactly."

"Your point?"

"Our Clans aren't fighting, but they're not allies either. We need to change that."

Frostpaw tilted her head in confusion. "What are you proposing?"

The white tom gestured to the border a couple tree-lengths away with his tail. "FoxClan and DewClan must unite against the Northern Junkyard Cats."

His sister gave him a look that asked *are you mousebrained?* "But those rogues haven't affected either of our Clans! Flarestar and Russetstar aren't just going to become friends because of invaders in a different territory."

"Which leads me to my plan," he said. "If what Storm said is true and the Junkyard Cats want to take back the kits they lost, they're going to attack either of our Clans eventually. We have to speed up that process."

"Are you suggesting we lure the rogues *to* our Clans?" Frostpaw's blue eyes were wide as if she was struggling to wrap her mind around Frozenpaw's idea.

"That's exactly what I'm suggesting."

Frostpaw stopped to consider. Frozenpaw anxiously hoped she'd agree; it would make for an easier process when proposing the plan to Icepaw and Snowpaw. As he waited tensely, he noticed a pair of glinting green eyes spying on them through a nearby bush. The pummeling rain must've disguised this mystery cat's scent.

"Well," Frostpaw finally said, "I-"

Frozenpaw cut her off by slapping his tail into her mouth. He pointed to the shrubbery with his muzzle and felt the she-cat freeze beside him. Slowly, he crept toward it from the side in a crouch. Once he was only mouse-lengths away, he shifted his weight

forward and sprang.

The unsuspecting cat let out a screech of surprise as Frozenpaw dragged him from his cover by the scruff.

"Ripplepaw?" Frostpaw asked in astonishment.

"I can't *believe* you!" The tom was fairly large and had a light grey pelt with lighter tabby stripes. He looked at the two of us with a mixture of shock and anger written in his expression.

"Ripplepaw-" Frostpaw was cut off.

"After I defended you against Thrushpaw because in training I found out I might have a shot, you're really just prancing around with some FoxClan tom plotting to send rogues to our Clan!"

Frozenpaw froze, realizing what this Ripplepaw assumed they were doing. He couldn't help but let out a *mrrow* of laughter. "Great StarClan! You actually think that Frostpaw and I have a forbidden relationship?"

Ripplepaw blinked his green eyes in dismay. "Yes?"

Frostpaw's tense stance immediately relaxed. "You couldn't be more wrong. We're *littermates*, mousebrain."

"What?" Ripplepaw blurted in shock. "How in the name of StarClan is that even *possible*?"

Frozenpaw sighed. This exchange told him that he'd have to explain how he and his siblings were related many times before the word fully spread. "Our parents were carrying us through a storm when we were newborn kits. They went under a boulder for shelter, which happened to be the border of all four Clans, and proceeded to die. Four dawn patrols showed up and disputed over who was to take us in until it was suggested that each kit goes to one Clan to prevent a fight."

Ripplepaw's gaze flickered from Frostpaw's to Frozenpaw's, then back to Frostpaw's. "And all this is true?"

"Every word of it," she replied steadily.

The light tabby blinked in realization, taking a step back. After a heartbeat of stiff silence, his eyes narrowed.

"This still doesn't justify the fact that you're trying to get rogues to attack our Clan," he hissed.

"Face it, Ripplepaw," Frostpaw muttered very matter-of-factly. "The Northern Junkyard Cats are going to attack eventually, regardless of anything *we* do about it."

"But we could warn Flarestar! We could be prepared, so no one dies!"

Frostpaw shook her head. "How do you suppose we tell him? Walk up and say 'oh, by the way, I have some knowledge about a nearby group of rogues that might be necessary to protect the Clan. But don't ask how I got it because then you'll punish me for not telling you earlier!' I don't think so."

The tension in the air was so obvious, Frozenpaw felt as though he could raise a claw and slice right through it. Frostpaw and Ripplepaw stared at one another, both refusing to be the one who breaks the intense eye contact first. The white tom began to uncomfortably shift his weight from side to side and decided he'd much rather be in his warm, cozy nest than arguing with a stubborn DewClan apprentice in the rain.

"Come on, Ripplepaw," Frostpaw was practically begging. "Promise that you won't tell anyone about what we know. About the rogues and my siblings."

The several moments in which Ripplepaw hesitated stretched into what seemed like moons. "Fine," he mewed, "I promise."